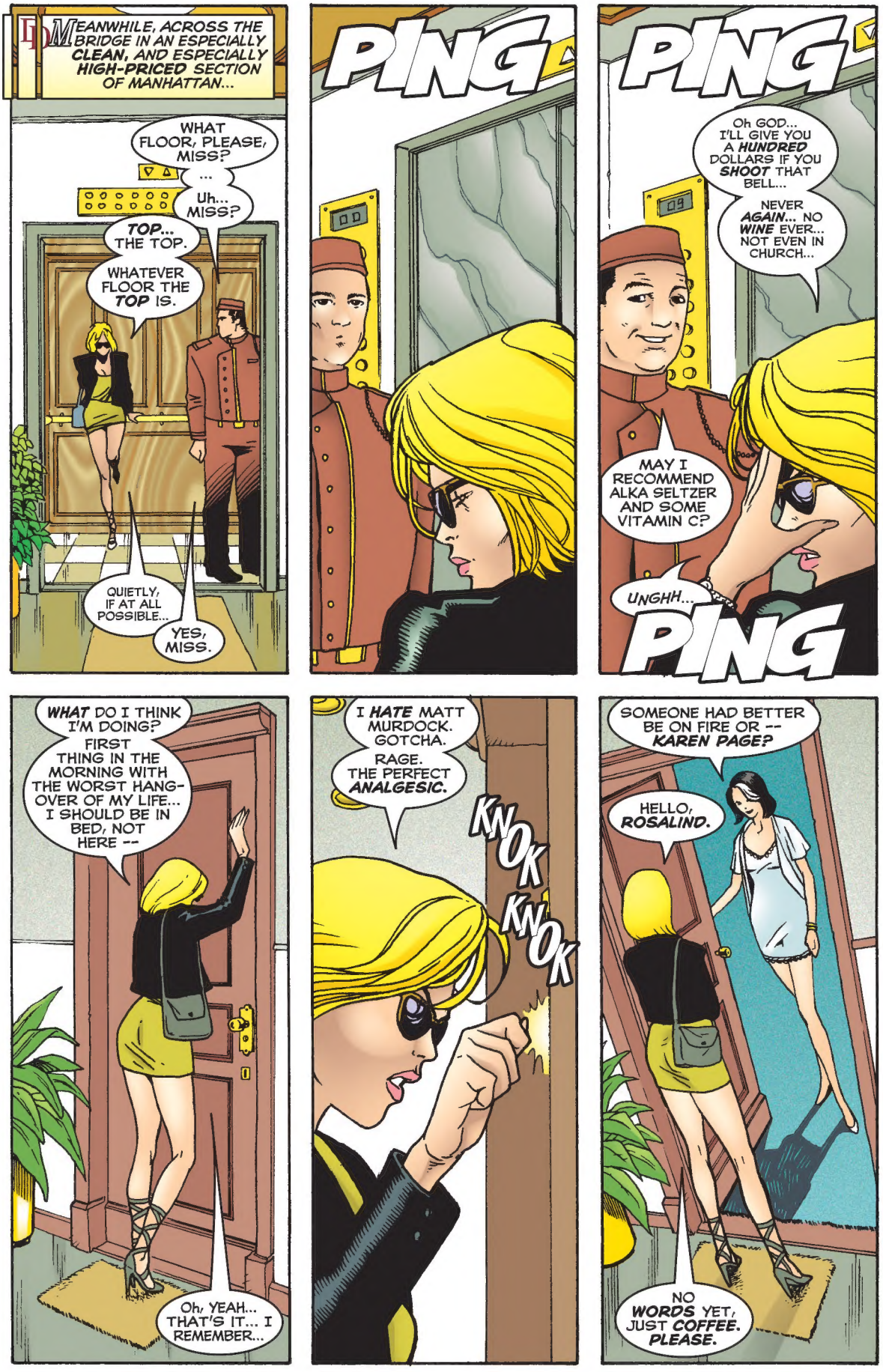
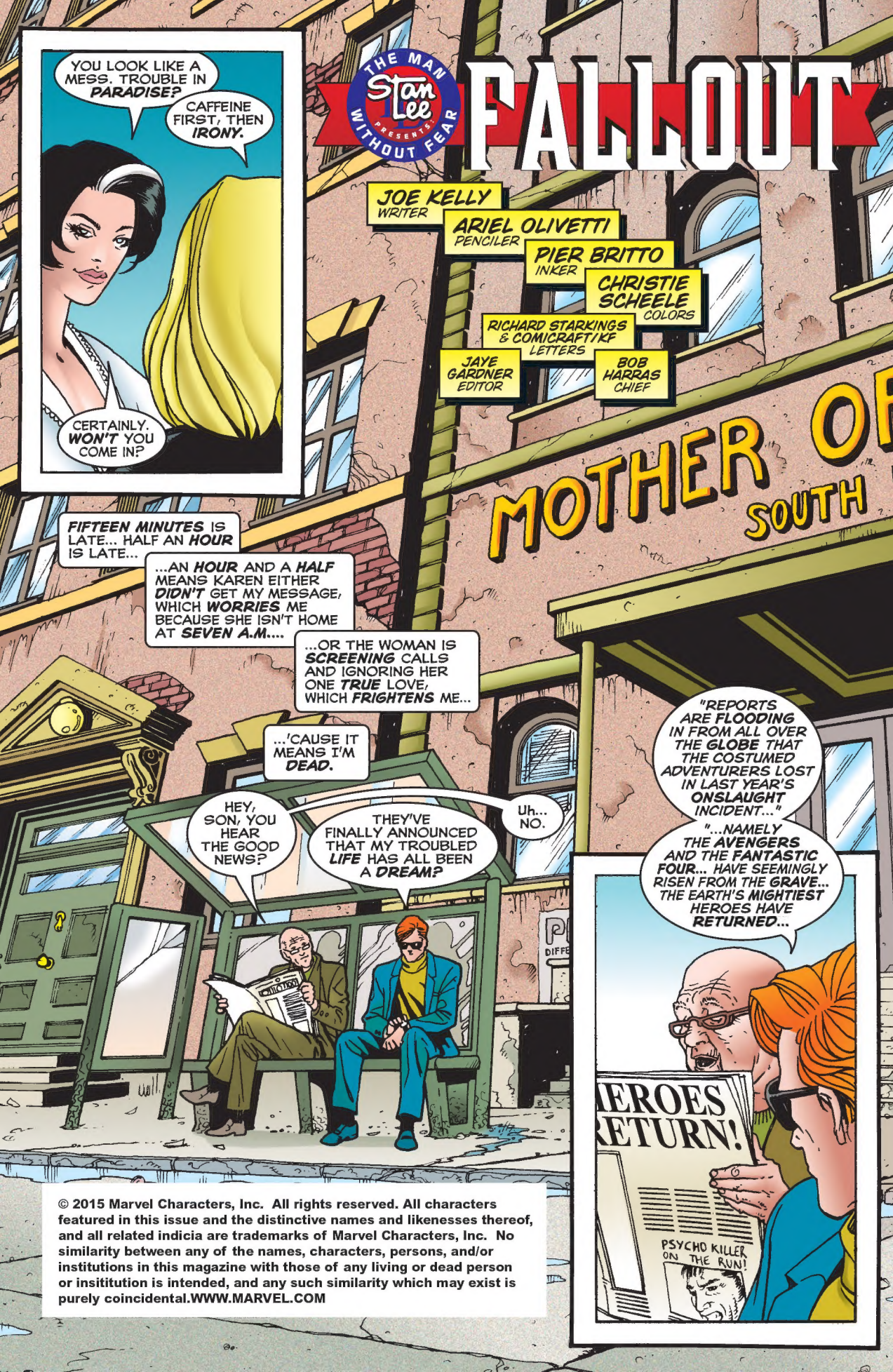
MARVEL COMICS
DAREDEVIL
THE MAN WITHOUT FEAR
JAN
#371
APPROVED BY THE COMICS CODE AUTHORITY
KELLY
OLIVETTI
BRITO
THE FALLOUT!

THE LAST HOUR OF THE GRAVEYARD SHIFT TICKS AWAY WITHIN A STRUCTURE KNOWN COLLOQUIALLY AS "MO' MERCY"...
...ESSENTIALLY A COMBAT HOSPITAL PLOPPED JUST TO THE LEFT OF NEW YORK HELL.
WHERE BROKEN BODIES ARE OVERHAULED BY PHYSICIANS WITH SHOPWORN SOULS...
...JUST TO BE SENT BACK TO THE FRONT... AND BROKEN AGAIN.
MOTHER OF MERCY HOSPITAL
SOUTH BRONX
I DON'T USUALLY MAKE A HABIT OF THIS, YOU KNOW, DOCTOR.
WHAT'S THAT, GETTING PROPER MEDICAL TREATMENT? GEE, NO KIDDING --
-- OR IS THAT ROAD MAP OF SCAR TISSUE DOWN YOUR BACK A PIECE OF BODY ART? ONE CAN NEVER TELL THESE DAYS...
FUNNY. NO, WHAT I MEANT WAS, I DON'T USUALLY EXPOSE MYSELF... TO PEOPLE I DON'T KNOW.
IT SORT OF VIOLATES THE WHOLE "SECRET IDENTITY" THING, EVEN THOUGH YOU DON'T KNOW MY NAME --
AM I SUPPOSED TO TAKE THAT AS SOME SORT OF CONFIRMATION THAT I'M A GOOD PERSON? GUESS WHAT...
...THAT AND A BUCK FIFTY CAN GET ME ON THE SUBWAY. TRUTH IS, Mr. DAREDEVIL, OUT OF COSTUME...
...YOU'RE JUST LIKE ANY OTHER PATIENT IN THIS PLACE.
YOU'RE A WOUND. A CURE. A BILL WE DON'T EXPECT TO SEE PAID. I COULDN'T CARE LESS WHAT YOU LOOK LIKE UNDER THE HORNS.
I'M SURE I WOULDN'T BE THE FIRST TO COMPLIMENT YOU ON YOUR GLOWING BEDSIDE MANNER, Dr. REYES...
...SO I WON'T.
Isn't that Dr. CECILIA REYES from the X-MEN? To see how she and the Crimson One met, pick up UNCANNY X-MEN #351! -- Jaye

TRY NOT TO TAKE IT PERSONALLY. I'M THIS COLD TO ALL OF MY SPANDEX-CLAD PATIENTS...
COSTUMED SUPER-DUDES AREN'T ON MY TOP TEN LIST THIS YEAR. SORRY.
WOULD IT HELP TO KNOW THAT I JUST CAME FROM SAVING THE CITY?
NOT REALLY.
WHAT IF I TOLD YOU I WRESTLED A BEAR?
LOOK, BEFORE YOU TRY TO CHARM ME INTO LIKING YOU, CAN I GIVE YOU A BIT OF ADVICE?
IS IT GOING TO COST ME ANYTHING EXTRA?
THIS ONE'S A FREEBIE.
ASSUMING YOU DIDN'T FALL OUT OF A SUPER HERO TREE, YOU PROBABLY HAVE A REAL LIFE WITH A REAL NAME AND A REAL JOB WITH A "NO LONG JOHNS" DRESS CODE.
IF THAT'S TRUE... DON'T GET SO WRAPPED UP IN FIGHTING MONSTERS THAT YOU FORGET WHAT YOU'RE FIGHTING FOR.
BECAUSE THE NEXT TIME YOU COME HOME FROM SAVING THE CITY... THERE MAY NOT BE ANYTHING LEFT TO COME BACK TO.
END OF FRIENDLY LECTURE. GO HOME.
YOU SOUND LIKE A WOMAN WITH SOME EXPERIENCE IN THE MATTER --
I'M A THIRD-YEAR RESIDENT, Mr. DAREDEVIL... I HAVEN'T HAD A REAL LIFE IN YEARS.
THERE'S A SET OF CLOTHES IN THAT CABINET. THEY'RE YOURS IF YOU WANT TO WALK OUT OF HERE INCONSPICUOUSLY.
SURE, DOC... THANKS FOR EVERYTHING... I HOPE YOU CAN GET YOUR LIFE BACK.
DON'T HOLD YOUR BREATH. BLUE'S NOT YOUR COLOR.
BY THE WAY, WHOSE CLOTHES ARE THESE ANYWAY?
HEART ATTACK. FORTY-TWO. WORKED EVERY DAY IN A sssFACTORY FOR TWENTY YEARS TO SUPPORT THREE BEAUTIFUL KIDS HE NEVER GOT TO SEE.
ONLY THING HE'S WEARING NOW IS A PINE BOX.
TAKE CARE, DAREDEVIL.
MATT... IT'S MATT.


MEANWHILE, ACROSS THE BRIDGE IN AN ESPECIALLY CLEAN, AND ESPECIALLY HIGH-PRICED SECTION OF MANHATTAN...
WHAT FLOOR, PLEASE, MISS?
...
Uh... MISS?
TOP... THE TOP.
WHATEVER FLOOR THE TOP IS.
QUIETLY, IF AT ALL POSSIBLE...
YES, MISS.
PING
PING
Oh GOD... I'LL GIVE YOU A HUNDRED DOLLARS IF YOU SHOOT THAT BELL...
NEVER AGAIN... NO WINE EVER... NOT EVEN IN CHURCH...
MAY I RECOMMEND ALKA SELTZER AND SOME VITAMIN C?
UNGHH...
PING
WHAT DO I THINK I'M DOING?
FIRST THING IN THE MORNING WITH THE WORST HANG-OVER OF MY LIFE... I SHOULD BE IN BED, NOT HERE --
Oh, YEAH... THAT'S IT... I REMEMBER...
I HATE MATT MURDOCK. GOTCHA.
RAGE. THE PERFECT ANALGESIC.
KNOK KNOK
SOMEONE HAD BETTER BE ON FIRE OR -- KAREN PAGE?
HELLO, ROSALIND.
NO WORDS YET, JUST COFFEE. PLEASE.



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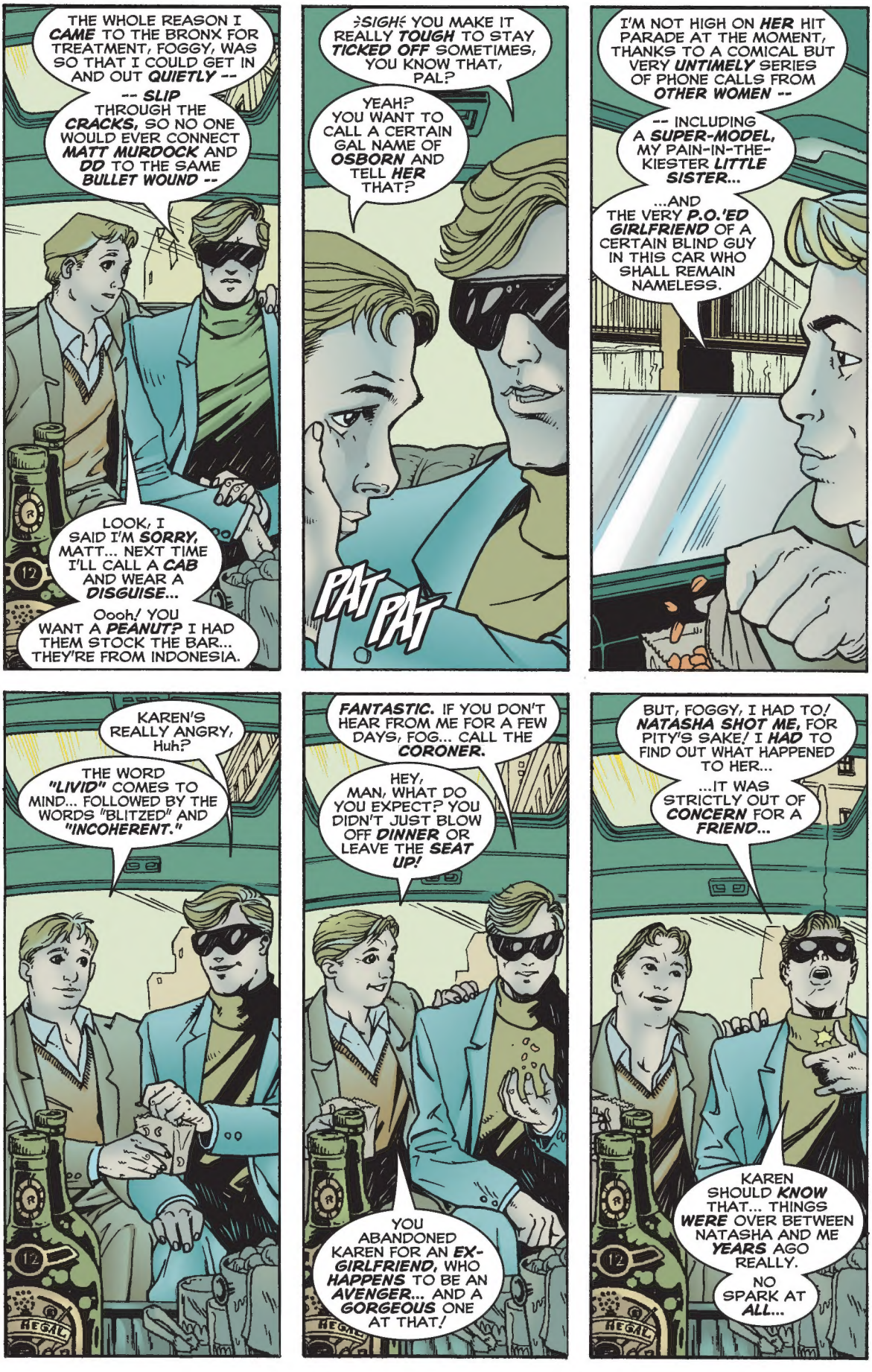
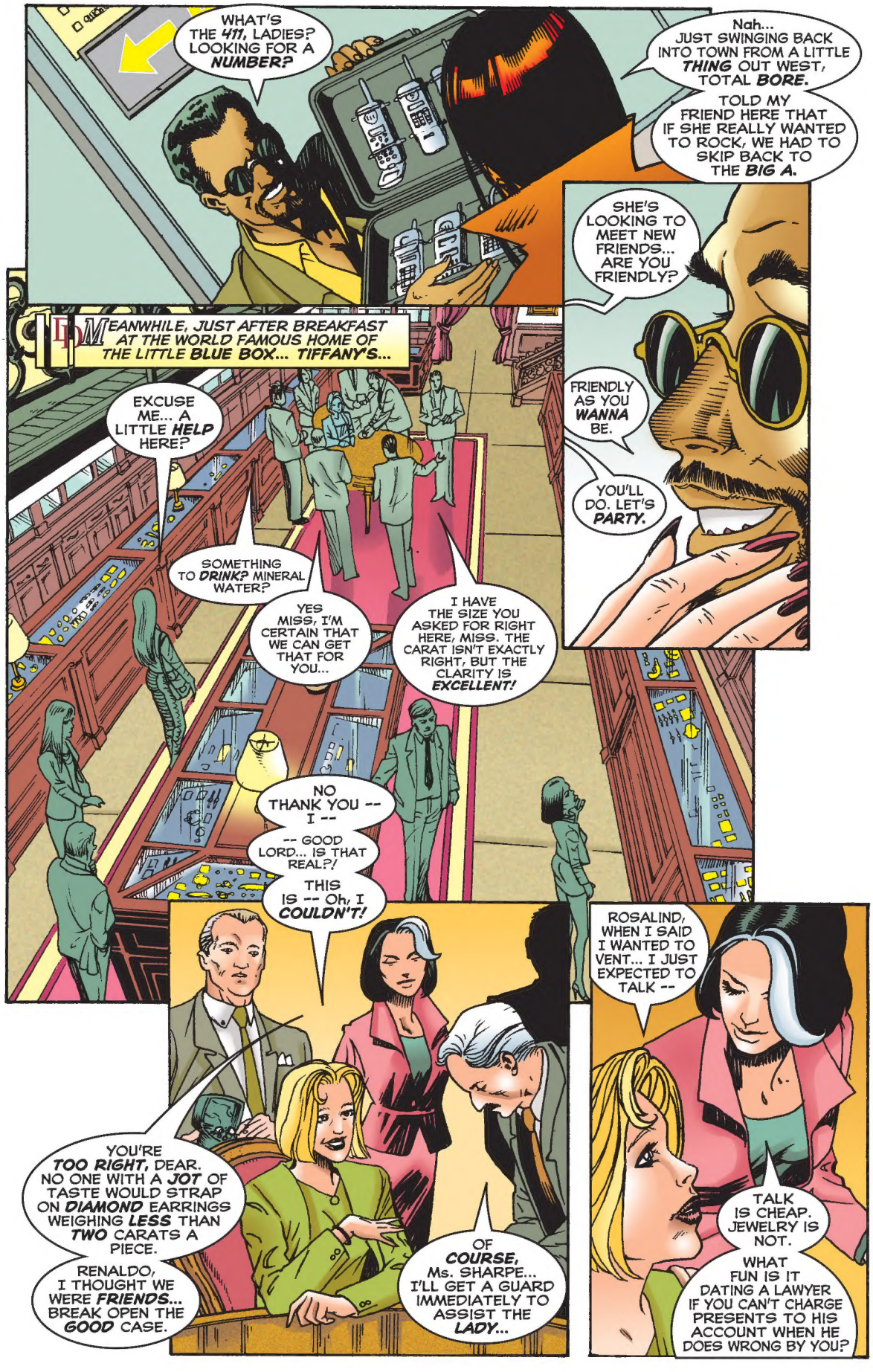
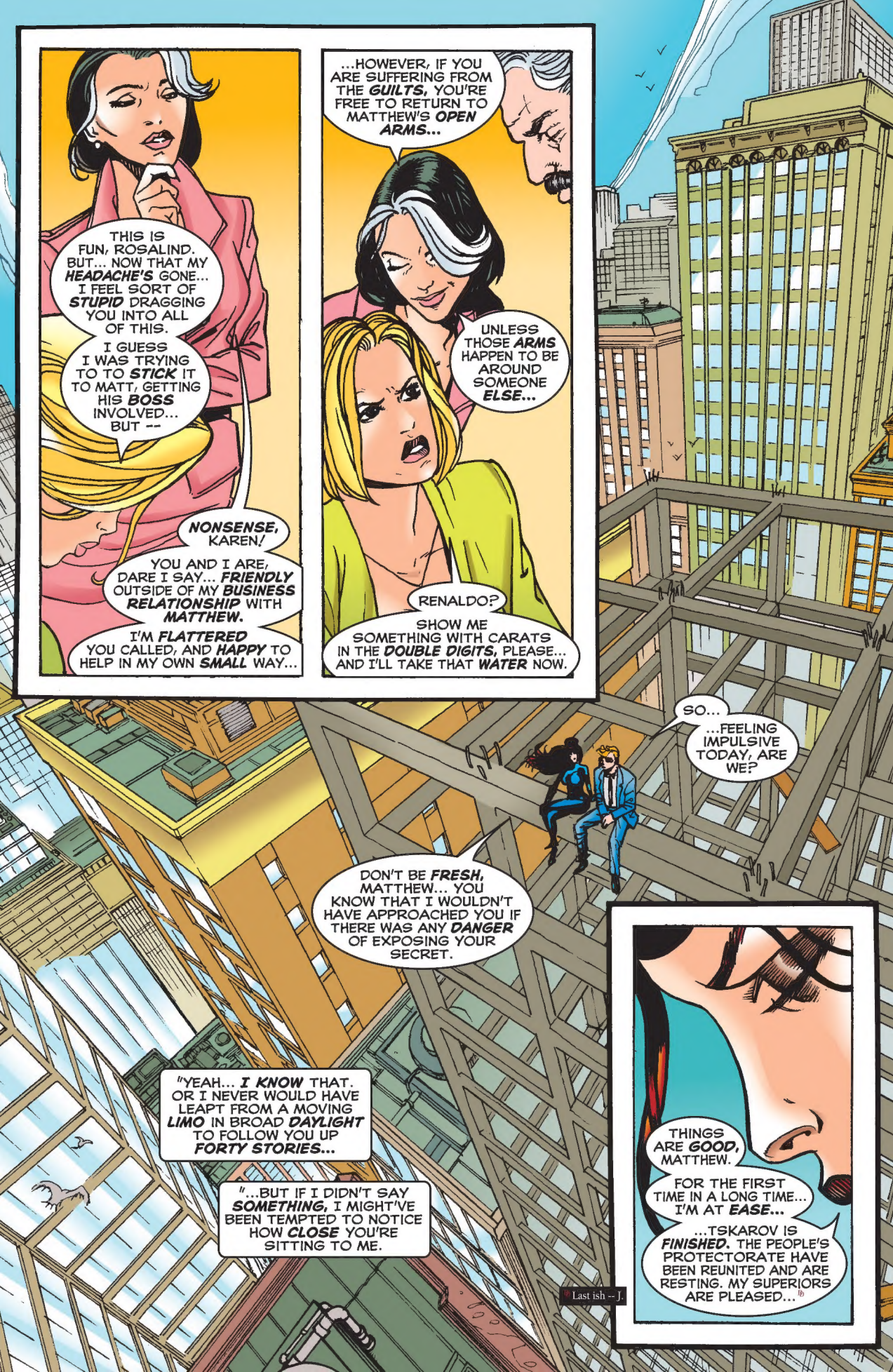
NOW, DON'T GET ME WRONG, 'CAUSE I'M AS BIG A FAN O' THE 'VENGERS AS THE NEXT JOE...
...BUT TO SAY THE "HEROES RETURNED"...
...SORT'VE FORGETS THE GUYS WHO BEEN HERE FOR THE LAST YEAR PICKIN' UP THE MESS, DON'T IT?
FIREMEN, COPS, HECK, EVEN THE GUYS WHO FIXED UP CENTRAL PARK! Y' DON'T SEEN ANYONE WRITIN' HEADLINES FOR THEM!
THAT'S A GOOD POINT, SIR... BUT YOU KNOW WHAT? I BET MEN AND WOMEN LIKE THAT AREN'T INTERESTED IN PRESS COVERAGE...
...JUST KNOWING THAT SOMEONE LIKE YOU TOOK TIME TO NOTICE WOULD PROBABLY MAKE THEIR DAY --
HEY, MATT!
LIOTROLO
Er, Oh... NO -- I MEAN, MIKE!
MIKE! LET'S GO!
HELLO, FOGGY... DO I DETECT A LIMO IN FRONT OF ME?
ISN'T IT COOL? I SNAGGED IT FROM THE CARPOOL. TOLD THEM I WAS GOING TO NEW JERSEY ON BUSINESS.
SMOOTH, Huh?
REAL SMOOTH...
BECAUSE NOW EVERYONE IN THE SOUTH BRONX HAS SEEN A MAN WITH MY DESCRIPTION LEAVING A POVERTY-STRICKEN NEIGHBORHOOD --
-- IN A LIMO.
DOES IT STRIKE YOU THAT SORT OF BLOWS THAT WHOLE "I NEED TO BE INCONSPICUOUS" THING WE DISCUSSED?
Oh... THINK ANYONE NOTICED?
NO... OF COURSE NOT, FOGGY. BY THE WAY, THIS CAR DOESN'T HAVE A LITTLE YELLOW "DAREDEVIL ON BOARD" SIGN IN THE WINDOW, DOES IT, PAL?
GIRLS
LIVE SEX
SKREEK


THE WHOLE REASON I CAME TO THE BRONX FOR TREATMENT, FOGGY, WAS SO THAT I COULD GET IN AND OUT QUIETLY --
-- SLIP THROUGH THE CRACKS, SO NO ONE WOULD EVER CONNECT MATT MURDOCK AND DD TO THE SAME BULLET WOUND --
LOOK, I SAID I'M SORRY, MATT... NEXT TIME I'LL CALL A CAB AND WEAR A DISGUISE...
Oooh! YOU WANT A PEANUT? I HAD THEM STOCK THE BAR... THEY'RE FROM INDONESIA.
:SIGH: YOU MAKE IT REALLY TOUGH TO STAY TICKED OFF SOMETIMES, YOU KNOW THAT, PAL?
YEAH? YOU WANT TO CALL A CERTAIN GAL NAME OF OSBORN AND TELL HER THAT?
PAT PAT
I'M NOT HIGH ON HER HIT PARADE AT THE MOMENT, THANKS TO A COMICAL BUT VERY UNTIMELY SERIES OF PHONE CALLS FROM OTHER WOMEN --
-- INCLUDING A SUPER-MODEL, MY PAIN-IN-THE-KIESTER LITTLE SISTER...
...AND THE VERY P.O.'ED GIRLFRIEND OF A CERTAIN BLIND GUY IN THIS CAR WHO SHALL REMAIN NAMELESS.
KAREN'S REALLY ANGRY, Huh?
THE WORD "LIVID" COMES TO MIND... FOLLOWED BY THE WORDS "BLITZED" AND "INCOHERENT."
FANTASTIC. IF YOU DON'T HEAR FROM ME FOR A FEW DAYS, FOG... CALL THE CORONER.
HEY, MAN, WHAT DO YOU EXPECT? YOU DIDN'T JUST BLOW OFF DINNER OR LEAVE THE SEAT UP!
YOU ABANDONED KAREN FOR AN EX-GIRLFRIEND, WHO HAPPENS TO BE AN AVENGER... AND A GORGEOUS ONE AT THAT!
BUT, FOGGY, I HAD TO! NATASHA SHOT ME, FOR PITY'S SAKE! I HAD TO FIND OUT WHAT HAPPENED TO HER...
...IT WAS STRICTLY OUT OF CONCERN FOR A FRIEND...
KAREN SHOULD KNOW THAT... THINGS WERE OVER BETWEEN NATASHA AND ME YEARS AGO REALLY.
NO SPARK AT ALL...

IT'S A DEAD --
FWAP
--ISSUE..?
WHOA.
IS THAT SO, DARLING? GOOD THING I DIDN'T SIT AT HOME WAITING FOR YOUR CALL, THEN.
PORT AUTHORITY. NEW YORK CITY'S MASS TRANSIT PIPELINE TO THE REST OF THE EAST COAST AND BEYOND.
ON WEEKENDS LIKE THIS ONE, THE THICK WALLS BARELY CONTAIN THE MAELSTROM OF ANXIOUS NEW YORKERS FIGHTING LIKE LITTLE TORNADOES TO ESCAPE THE GRIP OF THE CITY...
...BUT SOMETIMES... ON OCCASION... THE WIND SHIFTS...
...AND SOMETHING IS BLOWN BACK IN THROUGH THE CITY GATES...
...SOMETHING THAT TASTES LIKE TROUBLE.
YO, CHECK IT OUT. CLEAN CELLS FOR TWENTY-FIVE. TELL ME YOU LOVE NYC AND I'LL HOOK YOU UP FOR TWENTY -- WHOA.
GREYHOUND
S321

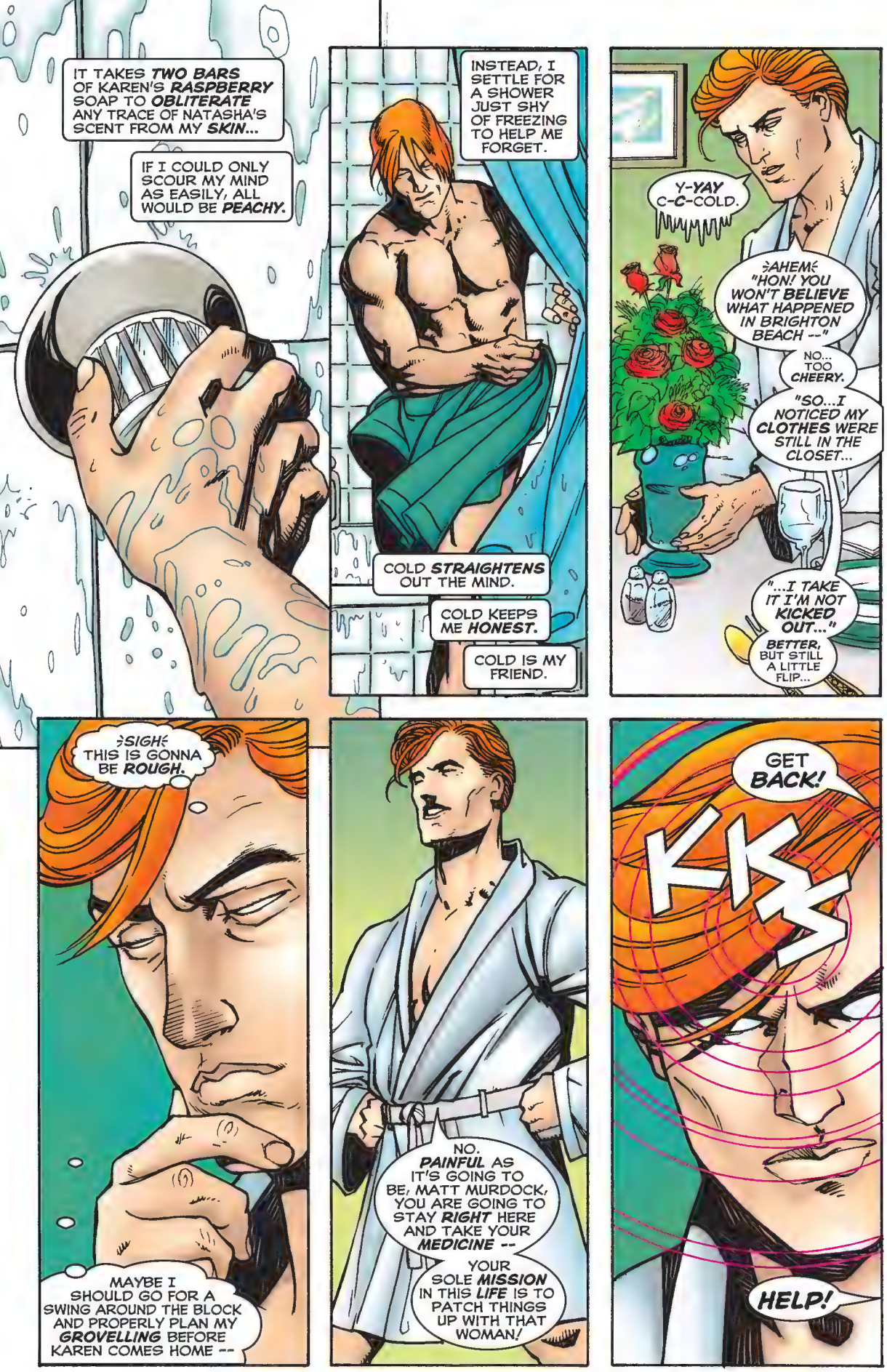

WHAT'S THE 411, LADIES? LOOKING FOR A NUMBER?
Nah... JUST SWINGING BACK INTO TOWN FROM A LITTLE THING OUT WEST, TOTAL BORE.
TOLD MY FRIEND HERE THAT IF SHE REALLY WANTED TO ROCK, WE HAD TO SKIP BACK TO THE BIG A.
SHE'S LOOKING TO MEET NEW FRIENDS... ARE YOU FRIENDLY?
FRIENDLY AS YOU WANNA BE.
YOU'LL DO. LET'S PARTY.
MEANWHILE, JUST AFTER BREAKFAST AT THE WORLD FAMOUS HOME OF THE LITTLE BLUE BOX... TIFFANY'S...
EXCUSE ME... A LITTLE HELP HERE?
SOMETHING TO DRINK? MINERAL WATER?
YES MISS, I'M CERTAIN THAT WE CAN GET THAT FOR YOU...
I HAVE THE SIZE YOU ASKED FOR RIGHT HERE, MISS. THE CARAT ISN'T EXACTLY RIGHT, BUT THE CLARITY IS EXCELLENT!
NO THANK YOU -- I --
-- GOOD LORD... IS THAT REAL?!
THIS IS -- Oh, I COULDN'T!
ROSALIND, WHEN I SAID I WANTED TO VENT... I JUST EXPECTED TO TALK --
TALK IS CHEAP. JEWELRY IS NOT.
WHAT FUN IS IT DATING A LAWYER IF YOU CAN'T CHARGE PRESENTS TO HIS ACCOUNT WHEN HE DOES WRONG BY YOU?
YOU'RE TOO RIGHT, DEAR. NO ONE WITH A JOT OF TASTE WOULD STRAP ON DIAMOND EARRINGS WEIGHING LESS THAN TWO CARATS A PIECE.
RENALDO, I THOUGHT WE WERE FRIENDS... BREAK OPEN THE GOOD CASE.
OF COURSE, Ms. SHARPE... I'LL GET A GUARD IMMEDIATELY TO ASSIST THE LADY...

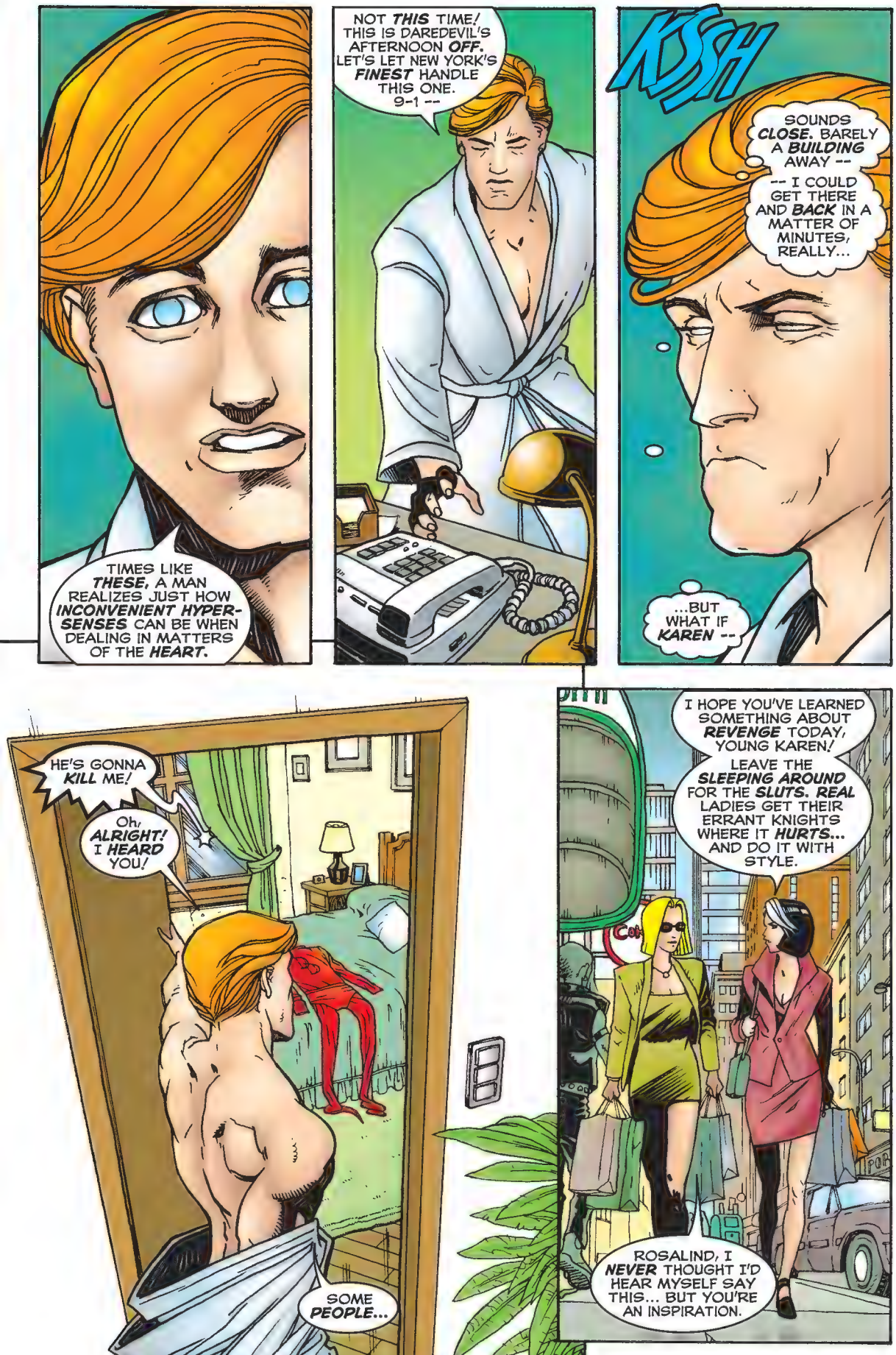

THIS IS FUN, ROSALIND. BUT... NOW THAT MY HEADACHE'S GONE... I FEEL SORT OF STUPID DRAGGING YOU INTO ALL OF THIS.
I GUESS I WAS TRYING TO TO STICK IT TO MATT, GETTING HIS BOSS INVOLVED... BUT --
NONSENSE, KAREN!
YOU AND I ARE, DARE I SAY... FRIENDLY OUTSIDE OF MY BUSINESS RELATIONSHIP WITH MATTHEW.
I'M FLATTERED YOU CALLED, AND HAPPY TO HELP IN MY OWN SMALL WAY...
...HOWEVER, IF YOU ARE SUFFERING FROM THE GUILTS, YOU'RE FREE TO RETURN TO MATTHEW'S OPEN ARMS...
UNLESS THOSE ARMS HAPPEN TO BE AROUND SOMEONE ELSE...
RENALDO?
SHOW ME SOMETHING WITH CARATS IN THE DOUBLE DIGITS, PLEASE... AND I'LL TAKE THAT WATER NOW.
SO...
...FEELING IMPULSIVE TODAY, ARE WE?
DON'T BE FRESH, MATTHEW... YOU KNOW THAT I WOULDN'T HAVE APPROACHED YOU IF THERE WAS ANY DANGER OF EXPOSING YOUR SECRET.
"YEAH... I KNOW THAT. OR I NEVER WOULD HAVE LEAPT FROM A MOVING LIMO IN BROAD DAYLIGHT TO FOLLOW YOU UP FORTY STORIES...
"...BUT IF I DIDN'T SAY SOMETHING, I MIGHT'VE BEEN TEMPTED TO NOTICE HOW CLOSE YOU'RE SITTING TO ME.
THINGS ARE GOOD, MATTHEW.
FOR THE FIRST TIME IN A LONG TIME... I'M AT EASE...
...TSKAROV IS FINISHED. THE PEOPLE'S PROTECTORATE HAVE BEEN REUNITED AND ARE RESTING. MY SUPERIORS ARE PLEASED...
Last ish -- J.

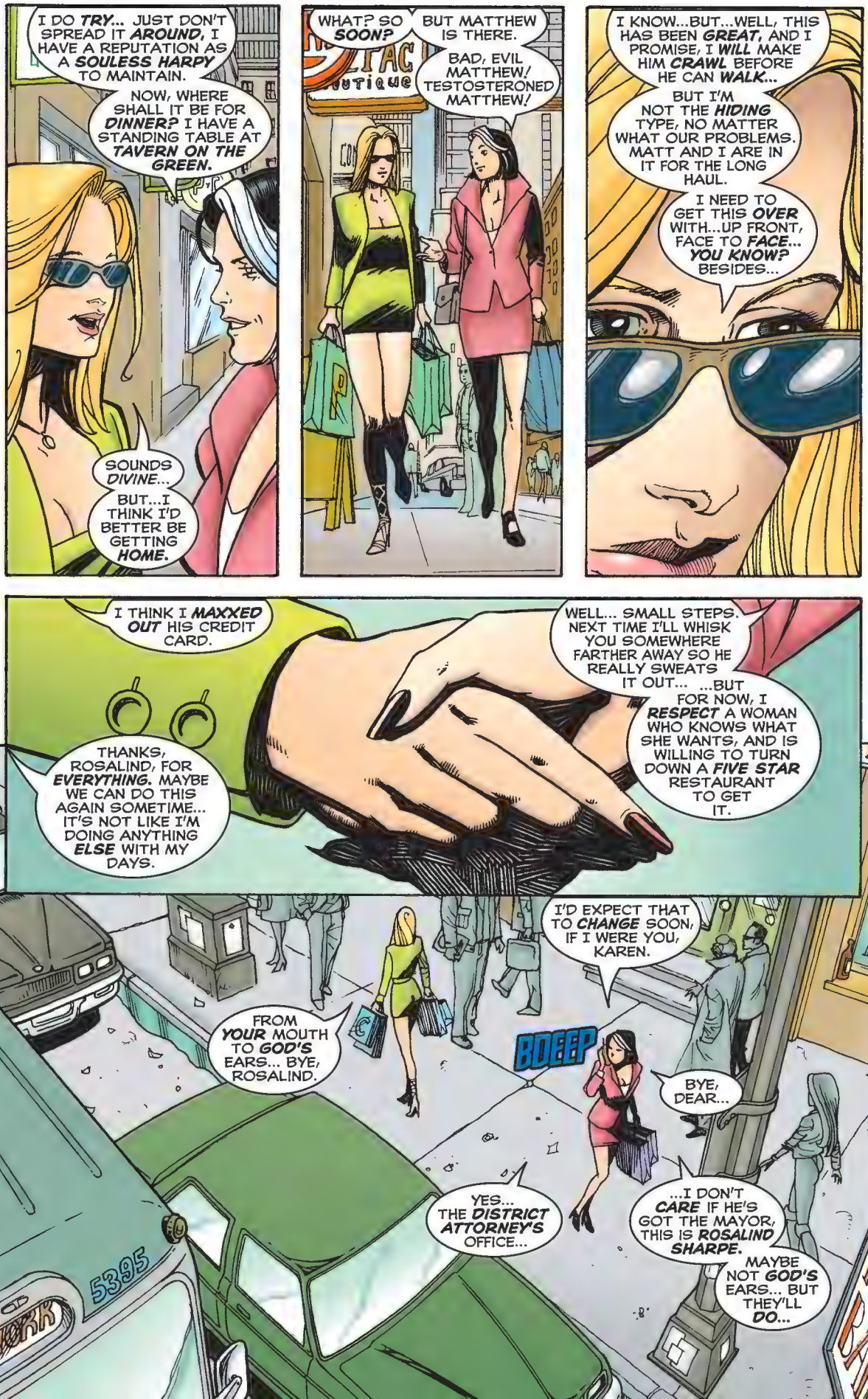
AND THE AVENGERS ARE BACK.
MY TEAM HAS RETURNED TO ME, MORE OR LESS IN TACT.
I HEAR HER LIPS PART AS SHE SMILES. FEEL BODY HEAT THROUGH LEATHER...
...WE'RE SITTING TOO CLOSE.
I HEARD. MUST BE A RELIEF...
...JUST TRY NOT TO SHOOT THEM WHEN THEY COME BACK TO THE MANSION, ALL RIGHT?
YOU JOKE, BUT I KNOW THAT YOU'RE STILL UPSET.
STAND. GOOD. STANDING IS GOOD.
WHAT, OVER THIS? WHAT'S A FLESH WOUND BETWEEN FRIENDS, REALLY?
SURE, MAYBE I THOUGHT YOU'D GONE OVER TO THE DARK SIDE. BUT HEY...
I'M NOT TALKING ABOUT THE SHOOTING. THAT'S BEEN EXPLAINED. I KNOW YOU UNDERSTAND..
...I MEANT THE KISS.
WHA --? I... Oh.
CAN WE TALK ABOUT THE SHOOTING. INSTEAD?
IT WAS GOOD... WASN'T IT? NOT JUST EXCESS ADRENALINE...
...NOT THE HEAT OF THE MOMENT...
...IT WAS REAL. IT WAS...
NATASHA... I --
...IT WAS RIGHT.
YES... IT WAS... NICE.
"NICE"? DOES "NICE" MAKE A HEART POUND LIKE THUNDER? LIKE MINE DID?
LIKE YOURS DOES NOW?
CLOSE. DEFINITELY TOO CLOSE.

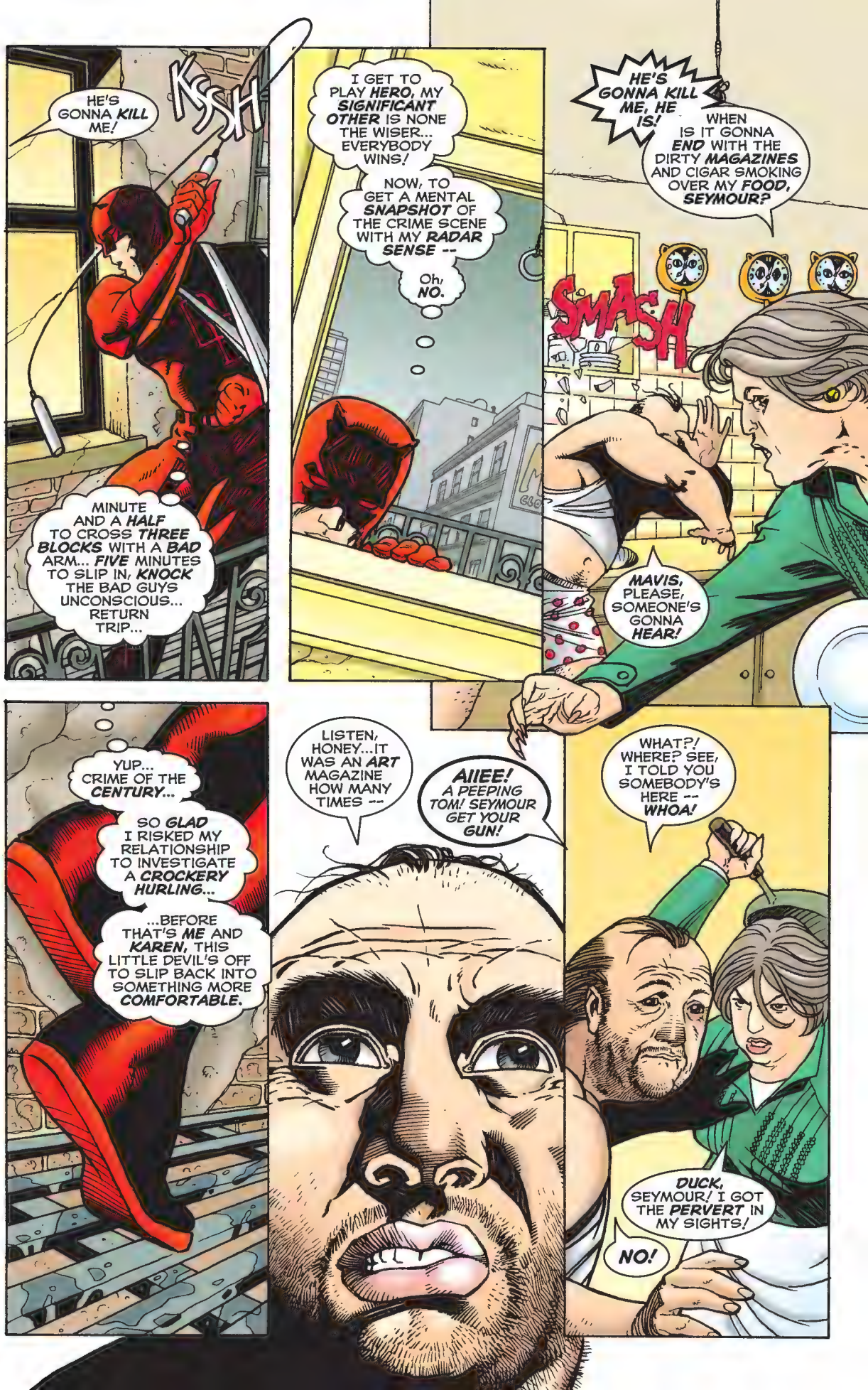
NATASHA I... IT DID... DOES FEEL RIGHT...
BUT I... KAREN. I'M SOR --
DON'T. DON'T APOLOGIZE.
SNEK
BECAUSE THAT WOULD IMPLY THAT THIS IS FINAL. OVER... WHEN WE BOTH KNOW THAT IT'S JUST THE BEGINNING... OF SOMETHING NEW.
:SIGH: I KNEW I SHOULDN'T HAVE BROUGHT THIS UP WITH YOU WHEN YOU WERE OUT OF COSTUME...
DAREDEVIL IS SO MUCH MORE LIBERAL WITH HIS FEELINGS... PERHAPS NEXT TIME...
...DASVIDANYA, MATTHEW.
SO LONG. 'TASHA.
:WHEW:
MERCY...

MEANWHILE... IN A CONSIDERABLY LESS STEAMY LOCALE...
SUPER HEROES... SHEESH --
LIKE SHE COULDN'T JUST PICK UP THE PHONE AND SAY "HEY. LET'S TALK"..?
SOMETIMES HAVING A NORMAL BORING LIFE ISN'T HALF BAD --
ALL RIGHT! I'LL RUN DOWNSTAIRS AND SCORE SOME MORE BREW TOO --
Oh, MY... DID I GO TO THE WRONG APARTMENT AGAIN?
FOGGY!
CANDACE?!
HOPE YOU DON'T MIND, BRO! YOU WEREN'T AROUND, SO I TOOK THE LIBERTY OF THROWING MYSELF A WELCOME BACK PARTY!
WELCOME... BACK?
CANDACE... WHO ARE THESE PEOPLE?
I DON'T KNOW. MET 'EM ON THE STREET... THEY REALLY LIKE YOUR CRIB.


IT TAKES TWO BARS OF KAREN'S RASPBERRY SOAP TO OBLITERATE ANY TRACE OF NATASHA'S SCENT FROM MY SKIN...
IF I COULD ONLY SCOUR MY MIND AS EASILY, ALL WOULD BE PEACHY.
INSTEAD, I SETTLE FOR A SHOWER JUST SHY OF FREEZING TO HELP ME FORGET.
COLD STRAIGHTENS OUT THE MIND.
COLD KEEPS ME HONEST.
COLD IS MY FRIEND.
Y-YAY C-C-COLD.
AHEM "HON! YOU WON'T BELIEVE WHAT HAPPENED IN BRIGHTON BEACH --"
NO... TOO CHEERY.
"SO...I NOTICED MY CLOTHES WERE STILL IN THE CLOSET...
"...I TAKE IT I'M NOT KICKED OUT..."
BETTER, BUT STILL A LITTLE FLIP...
SIGH THIS IS GONNA BE ROUGH.
MAYBE I SHOULD GO FOR A SWING AROUND THE BLOCK AND PROPERLY PLAN MY GROVELLING BEFORE KAREN COMES HOME --
NO. PAINFUL AS IT'S GOING TO BE, MATT MURDOCK, YOU ARE GOING TO STAY RIGHT HERE AND TAKE YOUR MEDICINE --
YOUR SOLE MISSION IN THIS LIFE IS TO PATCH THINGS UP WITH THAT WOMAN!
GET BACK!
KKK
HELP!


TIMES LIKE THESE, A MAN REALIZES JUST HOW INCONVENIENT HYPER-SENSES CAN BE WHEN DEALING IN MATTERS OF THE HEART.
NOT THIS TIME! THIS IS DAREDEVIL'S AFTERNOON OFF. LET'S LET NEW YORK'S FINEST HANDLE THIS ONE. 9-1 --
KSSH
SOUNDS CLOSE. BARELY A BUILDING AWAY --
-- I COULD GET THERE AND BACK IN A MATTER OF MINUTES, REALLY...
...BUT WHAT IF KAREN --
HE'S GONNA KILL ME!
Oh, ALRIGHT! I HEARD YOU!
SOME PEOPLE...
I HOPE YOU'VE LEARNED SOMETHING ABOUT REVENGE TODAY, YOUNG KAREN!
LEAVE THE SLEEPING AROUND FOR THE SLUTS. REAL LADIES GET THEIR ERRANT KNIGHTS WHERE IT HURTS... AND DO IT WITH STYLE.
ROSALIND, I NEVER THOUGHT I'D HEAR MYSELF SAY THIS... BUT YOU'RE AN INSPIRATION.


I DO TRY... JUST DON'T SPREAD IT AROUND, I HAVE A REPUTATION AS A SOULESS HARPY TO MAINTAIN.
NOW, WHERE SHALL IT BE FOR DINNER? I HAVE A STANDING TABLE AT TAVERN ON THE GREEN.
SOUNDS DIVINE...
BUT...I THINK I'D BETTER BE GETTING HOME.
WHAT? SO SOON?
BUT MATTHEW IS THERE.
BAD, EVIL MATTHEW! TESTOSTERONED MATTHEW!
I KNOW...BUT...WELL, THIS HAS BEEN GREAT, AND I PROMISE, I WILL MAKE HIM CRAWL BEFORE HE CAN WALK...
BUT I'M NOT THE HIDING TYPE, NO MATTER WHAT OUR PROBLEMS. MATT AND I ARE IN IT FOR THE LONG HAUL.
I NEED TO GET THIS OVER WITH...UP FRONT, FACE TO FACE... YOU KNOW? BESIDES...
I THINK I MAXXED OUT HIS CREDIT CARD.
WELL... SMALL STEPS. NEXT TIME I'LL WHISK YOU SOMEWHERE FARTHER AWAY SO HE REALLY SWEATS IT OUT... ...BUT FOR NOW, I RESPECT A WOMAN WHO KNOWS WHAT SHE WANTS, AND IS WILLING TO TURN DOWN A FIVE STAR RESTAURANT TO GET IT.
THANKS, ROSALIND, FOR EVERYTHING. MAYBE WE CAN DO THIS AGAIN SOMETIME... IT'S NOT LIKE I'M DOING ANYTHING ELSE WITH MY DAYS.
I'D EXPECT THAT TO CHANGE SOON, IF I WERE YOU, KAREN.
FROM YOUR MOUTH TO GOD'S EARS... BYE, ROSALIND.
BDEEP
BYE, DEAR...
YES... THE DISTRICT ATTORNEY'S OFFICE...
...I DON'T CARE IF HE'S GOT THE MAYOR, THIS IS ROSALIND SHARPE.
MAYBE NOT GOD'S EARS... BUT THEY'LL DO...
5395

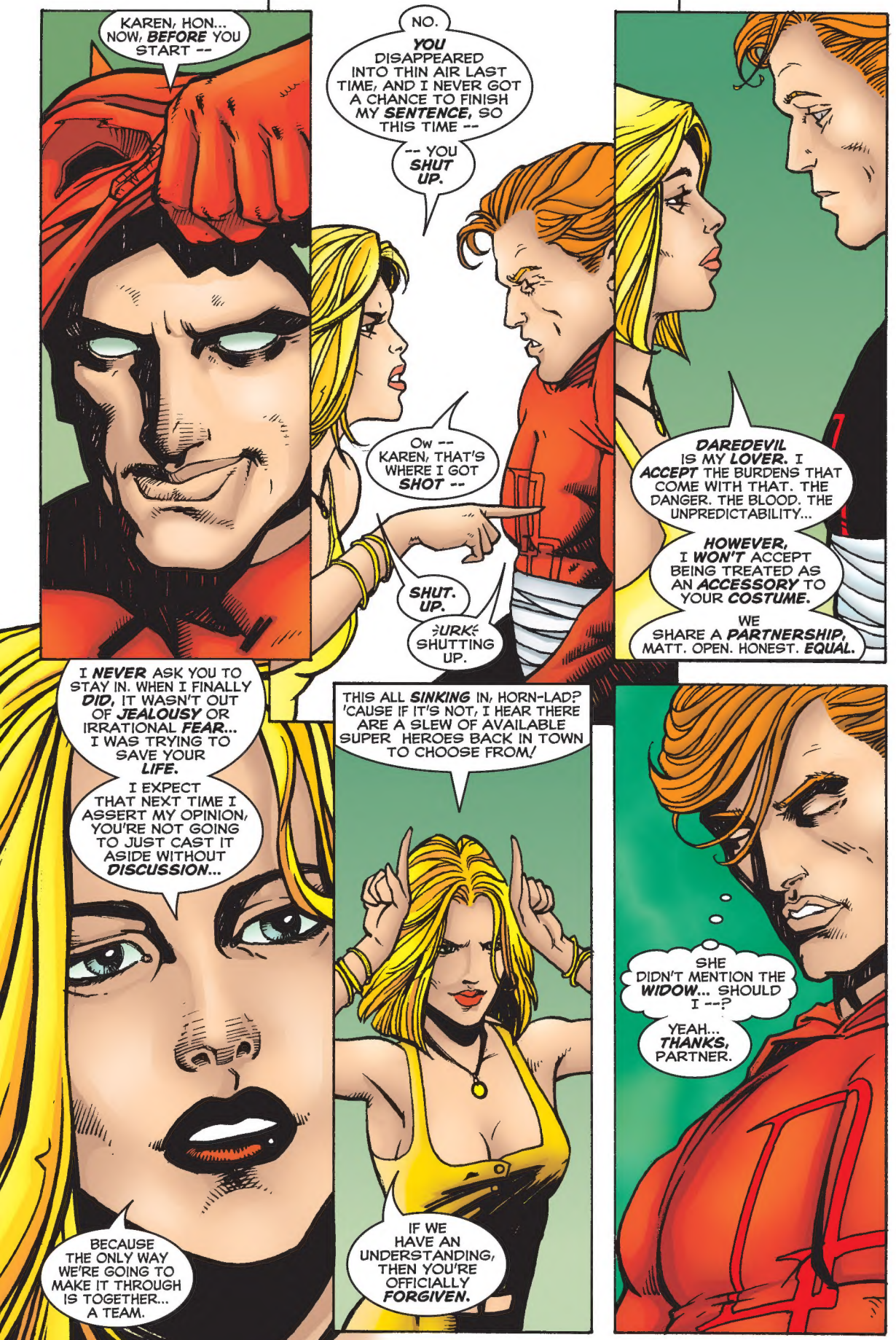

HE'S GONNA KILL ME!
KSSH
MINUTE AND A HALF TO CROSS THREE BLOCKS WITH A BAD ARM... FIVE MINUTES TO SLIP IN, KNOCK THE BAD GUYS UNCONSCIOUS... RETURN TRIP...
I GET TO PLAY HERO, MY SIGNIFICANT OTHER IS NONE THE WISER... EVERYBODY WINS!
NOW, TO GET A MENTAL SNAPSHOT OF THE CRIME SCENE WITH MY RADAR SENSE --
Oh, NO.
HE'S GONNA KILL ME, HE IS!
WHEN IS IT GONNA END WITH THE DIRTY MAGAZINES AND CIGAR SMOKING OVER MY FOOD, SEYMOUR?
SMASH
MAVIS, PLEASE, SOMEONE'S GONNA HEAR!
YUP... CRIME OF THE CENTURY...
SO GLAD I RISKED MY RELATIONSHIP TO INVESTIGATE A CROCKERY HURLING...
...BEFORE THAT'S ME AND KAREN, THIS LITTLE DEVIL'S OFF TO SLIP BACK INTO SOMETHING MORE COMFORTABLE.
LISTEN, HONEY...IT WAS AN ART MAGAZINE HOW MANY TIMES --
AIIEE! A PEEPING TOM! SEYMOUR GET YOUR GUN!
WHAT?/ WHERE? SEE, I TOLD YOU SOMEBODY'S HERE -- WHOA!
DUCK, SEYMOUR/ I GOT THE PERVERT IN MY SIGHTS!
NO!

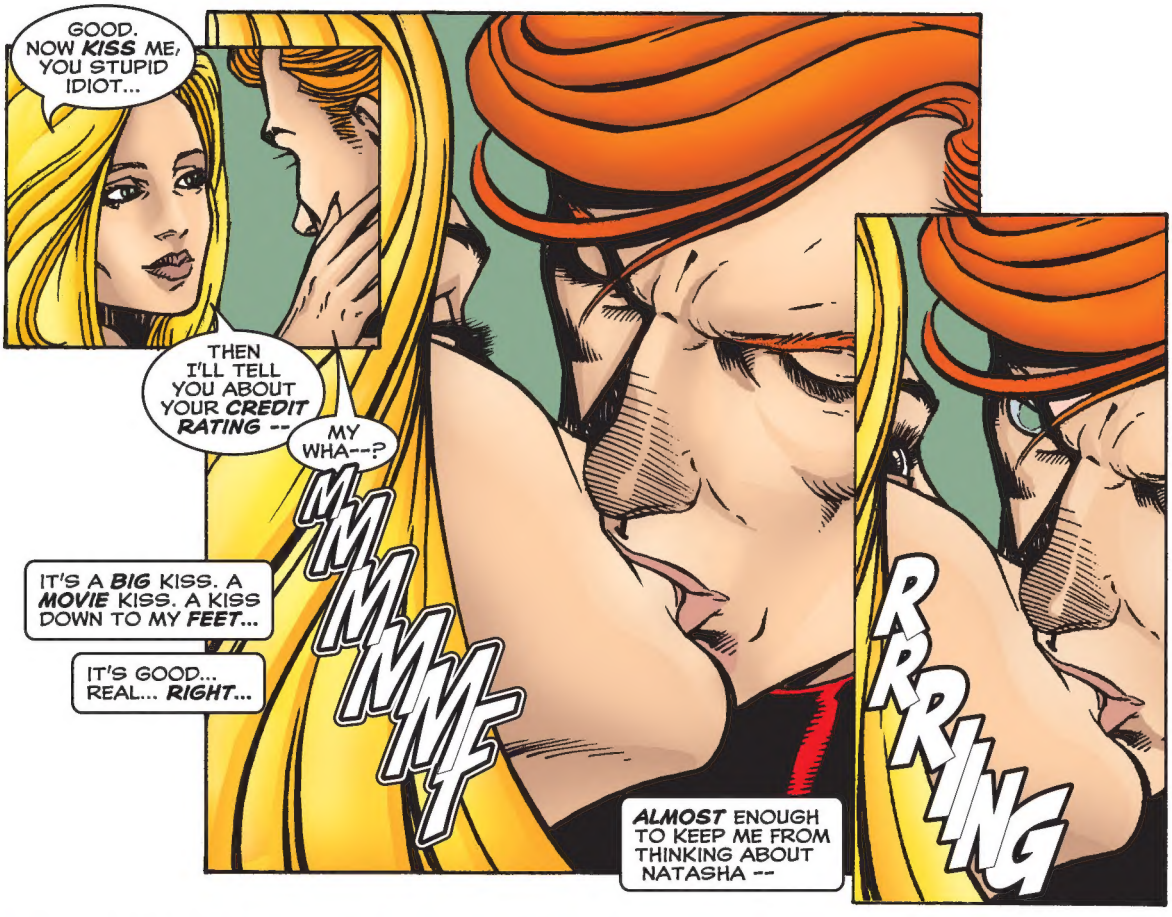
KLONG
OWW!
FORGOT ABOUT THIS STUPID SLING --!
Y-YYOU'RE N-NO PEEPING TOM...
YOU DON'T KNOW HOW TRUE THAT IS, SIR.
SO... WHAT SEEMS TO BE THE PROBLEM, FOLKS..? BROKEN DISHWASHER?
MATT?
MATT -- Oh?
LIPGLOSS - PULP
THIS IS A NICE START. MAYBE I SHOULD HAVE STAYED OUT LONGER...
OKAY, COUNSELOR, THE COURT IS READY TO HEAR YOUR PLEA OF NOT-GUILTY-OF-BEING-A-JERK!
I SEE SUCH A SEVERE BEATING IN YOUR FUTURE, Mr. MURDOCK...
MOTION TO FRY HIM, YOUR HONOR.
DON'T MAKE ME SEND A BAILIFF AFTER YO --
WHA?
THE WINDOW --?

NOW, MAVIS, REALLY... ALL COUPLES GO THROUGH THESE LITTLE SPATS AT ONE TIME OR ANOTHER...
...BUT NO ARGUMENT'S EVER BEEN SOLVED BY BREAKING CORNING WEAR OVER A SPOUSE'S HEAD...
...NOW LOOK AT US... WE'RE SITTING HERE, TALKING IT OUT LIKE A LOVING, CIVILIZED COUPLE...
...ISN'T THIS BETTER?
LOSER.
BATTLE AXE.
DEVIANT.
WIDE LOAD.
THAT'S IT! YOU'RE A DEAD MAN, SEYMOUR!
GO ON! YOU'LL BE DOING ME A FAVOR!
SIGH: YOU'D BETTER GET A BIGGER FRYING PAN, MAVIS... YOU'RE NOT THAT GOOD A SHOT.
EVERYBODY OUT! O-U-T!
YOU CAN'T DO THIS, MAN! WE HAVEN'T EVEN SET ANYTHING ON FIRE YET!
PARTY FOUL TIMES TEN!
-- THEN YOU AND MY SISTER CAN START TRASHING THE PLACE, BUT UNTIL THEN, THE PARTY'S OVER!
OOOh! YOU ARE SO LAME!
HOPE YOU HAD A BLAST. CATCH YOU AT THE TUNNEL. LATER, STUD.
WHEN YOU GET YOUR SCRAWNY LITTLE BUTT OUT OF SECRETARIAL SCHOOL AND START PAYING MY RENT --
YEAH, BUT I NEED MY SECURITY DEPOSIT, SO I DON'T CARE.

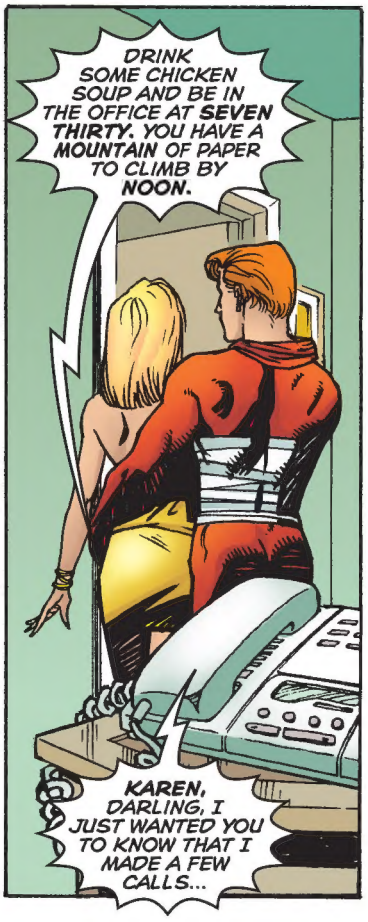
YOUR BROTHER IS A FULL-OUT ZERO, CANDY. CAN'T YOU GET A DIVORCE OR SOMETHING?
SORRY, KITTEN. HE'S MINE FOR LIFE. SEE YA, MARISSA.
LATER.
SLAM
STILL A FEW HOURS BEFORE THE PRE-PARTIES START... MAYBE I'LL GET A DOUBLE DECAF-CAPPY AT STARJERKS --
PARDON ME...
...BUT IT LOOKS LIKE YOU'RE ABOUT TO LAUNCH ON A FULL OUT RAGE THAT WON'T QUIT... I KNOW A FEW PLACES...
...A FEW MOVES YOU MIGHT DIG... CARE TO KEEP THE PARTY GOING?
YOU SPEAK MY LANGUAGE, STUD. WHAT'S YOUR NAME?
WHAT NAME WOULD YOU LIKE?
OOh... A MYSTERY MAN?
MOM SAID I SHOULDN'T PLAY WITH STRANGERS...
SHE WAS RIGHT. SHALL WE?
THIS WAS NOT COOL, CANDACE. DO YOU KNOW WHAT IT COSTS TO INSURE THIS PLACE?
WHAT IF SOMEONE HAD GOTTEN HURT --
-- I'M GOING TO CALL MOM AND DAD RIGHT NOW AND --
-- ARE YOU LISTENING TO ME?
OOP.
I MISSED YOU, LARDBUTT.
I -- DON'T TRY -- SIGH ME TOO, SQUIRT.

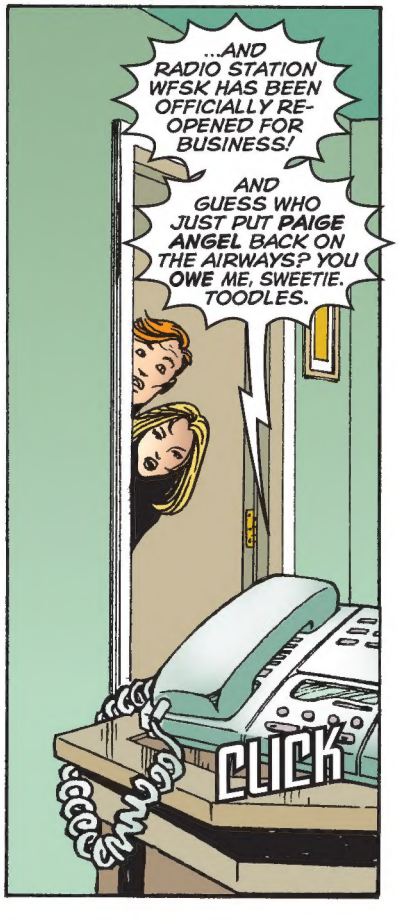
TWO HOURS, HALF A SET OF DISHES AND A COFFEEPOT LATER... MAVIS FINALLY CONNECTED AND SEYMOUR HAD TO GET RUSHED TO THE HOSPITAL FOR STITCHES.
THEN THEY STOPPED YELLING, AND LIKE SOMETHING OUT OF A NATURE FILM, SHE STARTED KISSING HIM ON HIS HEAD AND...
EEW. I'D RATHER NOT RECAP...
AT LEAST I GOT A CARROT CAKE OUT OF THE WHOLE DEAL. MAVIS' SPECIALTY... ASIDE FROM THE SHOT-PUT...
SO IS THAT IT? IS THAT WHAT A LONG-TERM RELATIONSHIP TURNS INTO?
IS THAT WHAT'S DOWN THE ROAD FOR ME AND --
KAREN.
SILENT TREATMENT, STEADY HEARTBEAT... I HAVE ABSOLUTELY NO CLUE WHAT SHE'S THINKING.
Uh... CARROT CAKE?
TAKE OFF THE MASK.

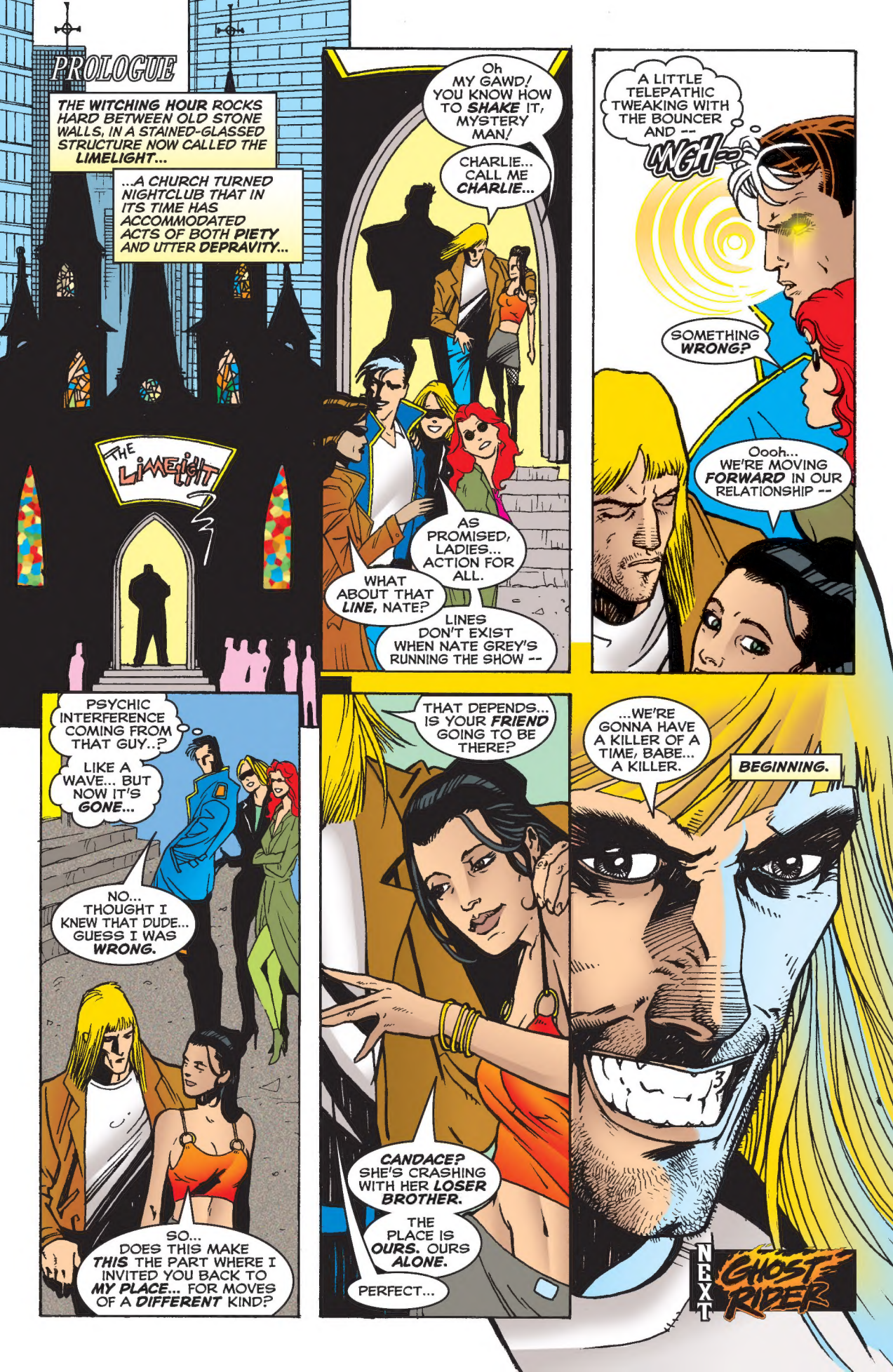

KAREN, HON... NOW, BEFORE YOU START --
NO. YOU DISAPPEARED INTO THIN AIR LAST TIME, AND I NEVER GOT A CHANCE TO FINISH MY SENTENCE, SO THIS TIME --
-- YOU SHUT UP.
Ow -- KAREN, THAT'S WHERE I GOT SHOT --
SHUT. UP.
URK SHUTTING UP.
DAREDEVIL IS MY LOVER. I ACCEPT THE BURDENS THAT COME WITH THAT. THE DANGER. THE BLOOD. THE UNPREDICTABILITY...
HOWEVER, I WON'T ACCEPT BEING TREATED AS AN ACCESSORY TO YOUR COSTUME.
WE SHARE A PARTNERSHIP, MATT. OPEN. HONEST. EQUAL.
I NEVER ASK YOU TO STAY IN. WHEN I FINALLY DID, IT WASN'T OUT OF JEALOUSY OR IRRATIONAL FEAR... I WAS TRYING TO SAVE YOUR LIFE.
I EXPECT THAT NEXT TIME I ASSERT MY OPINION, YOU'RE NOT GOING TO JUST CAST IT ASIDE WITHOUT DISCUSSION...
BECAUSE THE ONLY WAY WE'RE GOING TO MAKE IT THROUGH IS TOGETHER... A TEAM.
THIS ALL SINKING IN, HORN-LAD? 'CAUSE IF IT'S NOT, I HEAR THERE ARE A SLEW OF AVAILABLE SUPER HEROES BACK IN TOWN TO CHOOSE FROM!
IF WE HAVE AN UNDERSTANDING, THEN YOU'RE OFFICIALLY FORGIVEN.
SHE DIDN'T MENTION THE WIDOW... SHOULD I --?
YEAH... THANKS, PARTNER.


GOOD. NOW KISS ME, YOU STUPID IDIOT...
THEN I'LL TELL YOU ABOUT YOUR CREDIT RATING --
MY WHA--?
MMMMF
IT'S A BIG KISS. A MOVIE KISS. A KISS DOWN TO MY FEET...
IT'S GOOD... REAL... RIGHT...
ALMOST ENOUGH TO KEEP ME FROM THINKING ABOUT NATASHA --
RRRING

THE PHONE -- MMMF!
HMM -- THE MACHINE.
BEDROOM.
HEY, YOU MISSED MATT AND KAREN, LEAVE A MESSAGE AT THE BEEP!
BEEP
MATTHEW? ROSALIND HERE. FRANKLIN TELLS ME THAT YOU'RE NOT FEELING WELL.


DRINK SOME CHICKEN SOUP AND BE IN THE OFFICE AT SEVEN THIRTY. YOU HAVE A MOUNTAIN OF PAPER TO CLIMB BY NOON.
KAREN, DARLING, I JUST WANTED YOU TO KNOW THAT I MADE A FEW CALLS...


...AND RADIO STATION WFSK HAS BEEN OFFICIALLY RE-OPENED FOR BUSINESS!
AND GUESS WHO JUST PUT PAIGE ANGEL BACK ON THE AIRWAYS? YOU OWE ME, SWEETIE. TOODLES.
CLICK


PROLOGUE
THE WITCHING HOUR ROCKS HARD BETWEEN OLD STONE WALLS, IN A STAINED-GLASSED STRUCTURE NOW CALLED THE LIMELIGHT...
...A CHURCH TURNED NIGHTCLUB THAT IN ITS TIME HAS ACCOMMODATED ACTS OF BOTH PIETY AND UTTER DEPRAVITY...
THE LIMELIGHT
Oh MY GAWD! YOU KNOW HOW TO SHAKE IT, MYSTERY MAN!
CHARLIE... CALL ME CHARLIE...
AS PROMISED, LADIES... ACTION FOR ALL.
WHAT ABOUT THAT LINE, NATE?
LINES DON'T EXIST WHEN NATE GREY'S RUNNING THE SHOW --
A LITTLE TELEPATHIC TWEAKING WITH THE BOUNCER AND --
NGH
SOMETHING WRONG?
Oooh... WE'RE MOVING FORWARD IN OUR RELATIONSHIP --
PSYCHIC INTERFERENCE COMING FROM THAT GUY..?
LIKE A WAVE... BUT NOW IT'S GONE...
NO... THOUGHT I KNEW THAT DUDE... GUESS I WAS WRONG.
SO... DOES THIS MAKE THIS THE PART WHERE I INVITED YOU BACK TO MY PLACE... FOR MOVES OF A DIFFERENT KIND?
THAT DEPENDS... IS YOUR FRIEND GOING TO BE THERE?
CANDACE? SHE'S CRASHING WITH HER LOSER BROTHER.
THE PLACE IS OURS. OURS ALONE.
PERFECT...
...WE'RE GONNA HAVE A KILLER OF A TIME, BABE... A KILLER.
BEGINNING.
NEXT GHOST RIDER